

Oxford

Democrat.

NO. 33, VOLUME 8, NEW SERIES.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1848.

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OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

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G. W. Gifford,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

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Y. B. PALMER, No. 8 Congress street, (over
the Daily Advertiser Office) Boston, is our Agent for
the cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and
Baltimore.

Book and Job Printing
PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

THE STORY TELLER.

Seed Time and Harvest.

BY T. B. ARTHUR.

“Whatever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.”

Mr. Wiley, a lawyer of some ability, was sitting in his office one day, when an elderly gentleman came in and asked to have a few words of conference with him. The stranger was politely handed a chair, and asked his business.

“You hold claims against Porterfield?” said the old gentleman as he seated himself.

“I do,” replied Wiley, whose manner instantly changed—his brow contracting and his eye becoming stern.

“Are you aware there have been several meetings of your creditors, and that there is a strong disposition manifested to give Porterfield a chance to recover himself?”

“I never attend meetings of creditors.”

“But, now that you are aware of the fact I state, are you not willing to join with the rest of us in helping an unfortunate man to get upon his feet again?”

“No! I have my own interest to look after, not other people’s.”

“It is your intention, then, to push through the suits you have commenced?”

“Certainly. I am not a man of half-way measures.”

“Notwithstanding you sacrifice the interests of others by what you do?”

“Let others take care of themselves. I have enough to do to take care of my own concerns, without meddling with the concerns of others.”

“If you go on, there will be no hope for the unfortunate debtor.”

“That is his own look out, not mine,” was coldly replied.

“Pardon me for suggesting that an act like this concerns you as much, almost, as it concerns him. No man ever deliberately does injury to another, without himself suffering therefrom, at some future day, as much as the party he has injured; although it may be after a different fashion.”

“I trust all that, sir. Mr. Porterfield is in my power, and I mean to make him feel it.”

“What object can you have in view, Mr. Wiley, in seeking to destroy a man in this way?”

“I do not know that you have any right to inquire into reasons for my conduct. I am at least sure that I never gave you any such right,” replied Mr. Wiley.

“I claim no right but the common right of humanity,” said the old gentleman. “If you do not acknowledge that, my interference in this matter can only be viewed as impertinent.”

“It is certainly not authorized by any relation existing between us, and therefore I cannot view it in any other light than the one you have intimated,” was the haughty reply.

The old gentleman bowed and arose from his chair; but, before leaving the office of the lawyer, he said, with remarked force of expression:

“Mr. Wiley, I am an old man. Nearly seventy years have I borne the burdens of life; and in that time I have gained some experience. Like the rest, I have erred in many things, and for every error there has been an after visitation. Life has its seed time and harvest. The one must follow the other. If the seed be evil, harvest time will bring a plentiful supply of bitter fruits. It cannot be otherwise. Beware, then, of all acts inspired by malice, revenge, or selfish egotism; for, rest assured, that our children are deprived of those educational advantages I so much desired to give them. It troubles me whenever it crosses my mind, to think that Edward had to be taken from college just as his more important studies commenced. To take him in hand to reprobate. The haunting ghosts of wrong and passion that come in old age, Mr. Wiley, when the mind most needs repose and a clear conscience, are the hardest to lay of any that disturb us in the whole journey of life.”

The contemptuous expression that rested on the lawyer’s countenance, showed too plainly to the visitor that his words had failed to make any impression. He, therefore, turned and walked away. As he left the office, Wiley muttered to himself—

“Oh, yes. The lashed ear will whine now; but his whine will rise into a cry ere long, or I am mistaken.”

The cause of this evil determination on the part of Wiley, arose as well from unfeeling egotism, as from a settled dislike which he entertained on the individual now completely in his power. Some years before, Porterfield, who was a merchant, wounded the self-love of the lawyer, who ever after felt towards him as an

enemy. This did not soothe the irritation he at first experienced—for the merchant, who was successful in business, built himself an elegant house immediately opposite the more humble residence of the lawyer, and did it. Wiley was weak enough to think, by way of making him feel his inferiority in point of worldly wealth.

Year after year the handsome dwelling of the merchant stood smiling in the warm sunshine but never was looked upon by Wiley without seeing in every part of it from cornice to pavement, a leer of triumph. The face of Porterfield, too, when he bowed to him, had the same expression, and it was always an effort for him to return the bow with anything more than the coldest civility.

At last, Wiley began, as the saying is, to feel his feet under him. He had talents and shrewdness, combined with perseverance and industry, and these gradually obtained him business. From yielding an income barely sufficient for the ordinary wants of social life, his practice gave him something over, and he began to accumulate. As soon as he had a few thousand dollars to invest, he looked around him for the means of making it productive. With the mere interest of his little capital, he had no thought of being content. He expected it to yield a deal more than that. So he became a gambler in the stock market, and through the aid and instruction of one of the knowing and secretly operating ones, a successful gambler. He rarely lost, and not unfrequently doubled his investments. In this school he learned utterly to disregard the interests of others, and to grasp at money as common property, to be obtained by the shrewdest and held by the strongest. If his neighbor had ten thousand dollars, and he could get them transferred into his pocket by means of some sharp operation in the money market, he never stopped to trouble himself in the matter of equivalents. When, therefore, he once got a fair start in the race for wealth, he advanced with rapid strides. By associating with himself, in his profession, a young lawyer of equal industry, but less grasping cupidity, Wiley managed not to have any part of his business suffer on account of the attention he had necessarily to pay to the stock market and his operations therein.

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that at some late period—it may be when your head is bowed with age, and your heart yearning for peace and repose—the harvest of this seed time will be ready, and the sickle have to be taken in hand to reap it. The haunting ghosts of wrong and passion that come in old age, Mr. Wiley, when the mind most needs repose and a clear conscience, are the hardest to lay of any that disturb us in the whole journey of life.”

“I don’t know,” returned the merchant. “I’m afraid not. What most concerns me, is the fact that our children are deprived of those educational advantages I so much desired to give them. It troubles me whenever it crosses my mind, to think that Edward had to be taken from college just as his more important studies commenced. To take him in hand to reprobate. The haunting ghosts of wrong and passion that come in old age, Mr. Wiley, when the mind most needs repose and a clear conscience, are the hardest to lay of any that disturb us in the whole journey of life.”

“And we shall be as contented in our present as we were in our former style of living,” said Mrs. Porterfield, who was a strong-minded woman, and just the one to stand up bravely beside a man in the battle of life.

This took place when Porterfield was forty-five years old, and Wiley forty.

“With our sails reefed and our vessel lightened, I think we shall extrude the storm,” the merchant said to his wife, after they were snugly settled in their new home. “Our expenses have been four thousand dollars a year; now they will range within fifteen hundred. Twenty-five hundred dollars saved here will be no small sum in my business.”

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the time, I should have treated him as I treated you. The nature of my business I will not now state. It will be sufficient to say that it was one causing great affection of mind. If I was cold, and reserved towards you, I was so towards my best friends."

A deep silence followed this declaration. The lawyer had no words with which to respond.—

In a few moments Portfield said:

"A gentleman called upon you a few days after my arrival in New York to attend to some business in Philadelphia?"

"Yes."

"Did he say by whom he had been recommended to you?"

"He did not. He merely said that he had been advised to employ me in the case by a friend from Philadelphia, who happened to know that I was in the city."

"Did it never occur to you that I might be the person to whom he referred?"

"You never?"

"I was." A half-suppressed groan struggled up from the breast of the attorney, as he bowed his head, and with hands clasped tightly together, sat re-buked before the man he had so deeply injured. He thought of the murdered son, and shuddered. The malevolent spirit must still be in his heart, hidden like a gnawing worm.

"Mr. Portfield," he said, "how shall I repair the injury I have done you?"

"It is too late now," returned the collector, calmly. "The past is now forever and irreversibly past. The pages of our Book of Life are nearly full, and cannot be written over again.—God overrules all for good. To His Look as I draw near my change, I have seen much suffering in my wearisome journey, but suffering has taught me many lessons of wisdom. I do not complain. We labor cheerfully. Adversity has taught us contentment and trust in Providence. We know that our bread will be given, and that our water is sure."

"I will repair in some small degree, the wrongs I have done," said Wiley, after a few moments of thoughtful silence. "Your last days shall be made more comfortable. I will immediately set aside upon you a life annuity of a thousand dollars a year."

A bright spot glowed on the old man's cheek as he replied.

"No, Mr. Wiley, I cannot accept of it. I have still health and a portion of strength sufficient for my daily duties. They yield me all I require. I ask no more. If you have done evil in any part of your life, repeat before God, 'All lies now between him and you; for whatever you took from me, He restored as I had need.'

It was in vain that the attorney urged; Portfield was firm. He would have touched fire sooner than he would have touched his money.

In the humble dwelling that stood opposite the splendid mansion of Wiley there was more happiness than he had supposed. The bent form of the old collector was not pressed down with the heavy burdens of labor and care as he had thought. But still, as he daily saw him go forth in all weathers, steady as a clock, to appointed duties, while he sat in his easy chair, in his elegantly studded parlor, his heart would smite him, and he would turn away his eyes to shut out the sight. But the tighter he closed his organ of bodily vision, the more distinct before him was the stooping figure, and the long, thin, grey locks of the old man opposite.

Thus the time wore on, and Wiley was reaping the harvest he had sown years before. He had scattered the seed with a reckless hand; but the principle of life was in it, and while he thought not of it, it was putting down its fibres into the ground, and shooting up its green leaves to gather strength in the warm sunshine.

Wearily passed the months and years, and at last the old attorney went down to his grave.—The sun of his life did not go smilingly behind the cloudless hill of time, but set in darkness and mental gloom. There was a cicatrix to his will, dated after his interview with the old collector, in which was a bequest of five thousand dollars to each of Portfield's daughters. No reason for the bequest was assigned.

The heirs were surprised and displeased at it. But the executor of the will paid over the sums bequeathed.

To all there is a seed time and harvest, and whatsoever a man sows, that shall he reap.

REPORT OF THE POSTMASTER GENERAL.

This important document furnishes abundant evidence of the industry and ability of Hon. Cave Johnson, as the following synopsis will show.

The post routes in operation within the United States on the 30th day of June last were 163,208 miles in extent, and the annual transportation of the mail over them, was 41,012,573 miles, costing \$2,418,766, as follows, to wit: On Railroads 4,327,400 miles, costing \$5,44,422 in Steamboats 3,435,810 miles, costing 282,019. For agencies connected therewith, 51,023 in Coaches, 14,555,188 miles, costing 736,922. In other modes not specified, 17,744,191 miles, costing 751,500.

And in addition thereto for foreign naval service, \$100,500.

The operations of the three last years show that the mail service has been augmented 15 per cent, its cost at the same time diminished 15 1/2 per cent.

The results of the mail letting last spring, in the middle section, will add to the service of the current year 655,897 miles more of annual transportation, while it makes a reduction of the cost of the year ending 30th June, 1845, of \$71,674.

The number of mail contractors in the service during the last year was 4017, and the number of local and mail agents and mail messengers 248, connected with the service and railroads and steamboats.

The number of Post Offices, on the 1st of July last was 16,158, being an increase during the year of 1,000. The number of offices established was 1339, the number discontinued 296.

The number of Postmasters appointed during the year was 4,121. Of this number 2160 were appointed in consequence of resignations.

Upon this point we do not think the public will disagree with us.

Near two millions of dead letters are annually returned to the department, upon which it not only loses the postage, but pays two cents each for advertising; this is in addition to the expense incurred in opening and returning those of value to the writers, and destroying those of no value. Newspapers, periodicals, pamphlets, and various other publications, are sent to the post offices with the names of the publishers, and those names are forwarded, more than one-half of the publications ordered to be printed at the last section.

The Postmaster has but a very indifferent opinion of these "Puff-Puffs." He says of them:

A large proportion of the "Puff-Puffs" and periodicals sent here are of little public interest—the wealth of school and social subjects tends to prevent it from not materially interfering with the circulation of the village newspapers in their respective localities.

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POETRY.

THE PICTURE.

For Midas' frame you in fancy-work,
Then loveliness of mind and form,
Such as a poet, some amorous hour
Might draw upon the canvas of his heart,
Taking a living model, and so long
Admiring, re-creating, chisel-like, on song,
With force it not to say if dream divine
Haunted the winding galleries of my thoughts;
Or truth put down, point-blank, abominable,
Like fancy seem, however so like the truth;
Then, as the poet, I might well say:
There is a beauty, startling as the gush
Of sudden sunlight on an inland sea;
Girt round with many hills, that shines at once
Bright to the eye, electric to the heart;
There is a light, a beauty, as a bird's,
Amid the full-blown roses of the twain;
Not such is hers; 't is rather like the light,
The pale and tender light of summer eve—
Not golden and not amber—not of night,
Far less of day; rose melting into pearl,
I very just thought, in the moon and stars,
Methinks the graces, the graces, I think
Were less dissimilur, for she takes the heart
More in a right than does your good girl bud,
Not quite by storm, like the invincible red
Or the rich sunset; then the light, still,
But in a day—may come, before the twain,
And you may miss the light; you may miss mark
That gentle blossom mine, its own green leaves
Do so wrap it, and it mosen mark
But see the light I speak of, and broad day
With a smile, when even the evening light
And the moon's delicate rays, spread across
White sails of vapor boats, will have no charm
But east your eye upon my white mess-rose,
And we're a queenly bloom or peasant bud
Such a light with companion.
There are who believe with a sense of words,
Of spirit and sentiment; and to and fro
Bandy your laughter, or some hearty thing.
There are who open all the heart at once,
Light found, light lost—"it's scarcely worth one's while
That you are so gentle, so sweet, so grace,
There are who, fence the world, in corners
Of giggling shyness; when your finger's pricked
You find you're scrambled for a foolish prick
Not worth your silly wearing when it's won;
Not sweet, nor she has a storm of words,
Daring like this, till you'll storm your face;
No bread and butter sentiment here,
For a fourth cup of gossip round the sun—
But she is outward cold and calm of eye,
Pale brown, low voiced and round her as she moves
The sun's rays, the sun's brightness,
Inexpanso as few leaves from a running water.
Once again and most heedlessly you gaze
On the white marble of her liniments,
And on her hair, and then turn away;
Once again and you turn the marble shafts
Of vulgar statuary, or of common saws
Slip on the polished ice of her disdain—
And ask yourself, perhaps, "Has she a heart?"
The heart's treasure is a holy thing;
The heart's treasure is a jewel of love;
Yet loving well, and loved forever compare;
A light too gentle, save for purged eye
Of some young poet, impelled in dreams divine;
A flower too delicate for vulgar scent;
Leading a purer life within its sheath;
Pad without noise, on silver drops of heaven!

MISCELLANEOUS.

AGE OF THE HORSE.

The method of judging the age of a horse is by examining the teeth, which amount to forty when complete, namely, six nippers, or incisors, as they are sometimes called, two tusks, and six grinders on each side in both jaws. A foal, when first born, has in each jaw the first and second grinders developed; in about a week the two centre nippers make their appearance, and within a month a third grinder. Between the sixth and ninth month the whole of the nippers appear, completing the *colt's mouth*. At the completion of the first year a fourth grinder appears, and a fifth by the end of the second year. At this period a new process commences, the front or first grinder gives way, which is succeeded by a larger and permanent tooth, and between two years and a half and three years, the two middle nippers are displaced, and succeeded by permanent teeth. At three years old, the sixth grinder has either made or is about making its appearance. In the fourth year another pair of nippers and the second pair of grinders are shed; and the corner nippers towards the end of the fifth year, are succeeded by permanent teeth, when the mouth is considered almost perfect, and the colt or filly becomes a horse or a mare. What is called the *mark* of the teeth by which a judgment of the age of a horse for several years may be formed, consists of a portion of the enamel bending over and forming a little pit in the surface of the nipper, the inside and bottom of which becomes blackened by the foal. This soon begins to wear down; and the mark becomes shorter, and wider, and fainter. By the end of the first year the mark in the two middle teeth is wide and faint, and becomes still wider and fainter till the end of the third year, by which time the centre nippers have been displaced by the permanent teeth, which are larger than the others, though not yet so high, and the mark is long, narrow, deep, and black. At four years, the second pair of permanent nippers will be up, the mark of which will be deep, while that of the first pair will be somewhat fainter, and that of the corner pair nearly effaced. At this age, too, the tusks begin to appear. Between the fourth and fifth year, the corner nippers having been shed, and the new teeth come quite up, showing the long deep irregular mark, the other nippers having evident traces of increasing weariness. At six years the marks on the centre nippers are worn out, but there is still a brown hue in the centre of the tooth. At seven years the mark will be worn from the two centre nippers, and will have completely disappeared at eight years, from them all. It may be added, that it is the lower jaw of the horse that is usually examined, and which is here described. The changes of the teeth taking place in both jaws about the ered neither than another. The institutions of law and order have been reversed.

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of controversy. According to what may be stated that at nine years the mark will be worn from the middle nippers, from the next pair at ten, and from all the upper nippers at eleven. During all this time the fuses (the extremes of which are at first sharp-pointed and curved) becomes gradually blunter, shorter and rounder.

ARISTOCRACY.

There are men—we blush to call them men—who turn up their noses at the mechanic and humble laborer. Being liberally educated as it is called—they look down with a sort of contempt on those, who in some cases have contributed to their support. 'You need not despise a spinning wheel,' said an old lady to her pompous son, one day, 'for many a night have I worked at it to get money to send you to school.' There are women, too, who will not touch a needle with their delicate hands, who laugh at the poor and indolent, who learn trades, or work in factories, for a living. 'La! how unrefined they are,' she says, with a scornful smile, as she lounge on the sofa, reading the last pink novel. 'We once knew a lady—shall we call her a lady?—of this complexion. She was loudly laboring a poor, hard working girl calling her low and unrefined. 'Why,' said she, 'her father was nothing but a low mechanic.' Yes, remarked a woman present, 'her father was a mechanic. I knew him well, for he lived in the same neighborhood with your mother, when she went out a washing.' There, reader, if you had been present, you would have seen a strange confusion of face and heard a vain attempt to come out. It stuck in her throat—When we here men or women, speak lightly of the industrious part of the community, we feel just like tracing back their genealogy. We have done so in several instances, and you would be surprised at what we learned. The most aristocratic man of our acquaintance is the grandson of a fiddler; the proudest woman, the daughter of a wash woman. It betrays a lack of good sense to condemn or look with contempt on any virtuous person, however poor he or she may be. The wish is good respect and love goodness wherever it is found.

ELOQUENT SPEECH. We do not remember to have read anything more truly eloquent in the shape of a brief speech, than the following by Meebry, before the queen's court, at the time of his late trial for treason; it is worthy to be placed beside the best piece of an Emmett or a Phillips. 'He said he did not rise to retract any thing that he had ever spoken, or to crave with lying lips the life he consecrated to the liberties of his country—

'Far from it,' he continued, 'even here, where the lecherine, and the murderer have left their foot-prints in the dust—here, on this spot, where the shadows of death surround me, and from which I see my early grave in an unconsecrated soil is open to receive me—ever here, encircled by these terrors, the hope which beckoned me on to embark upon the perilous sea upon which I have been wrecked, still consoles, animates, enraptures me. No, I do not despair of my poor old country. I do not despair of her peace, her liberty, her glory. For that country I can do no more than bid her hope. To lift up this Isle, to make her a benefactor to humanity, instead of being what she is—the meanest bugger in the world—to restore her ancient constitution and her native power—this has been my ambition, and this ambition has been my crime. Judge by the law of England, and I know that this crime entails upon me the penalty of death; but the history of Ireland explains this crime and justifies it. Judge by that history I am no criminal; you, (turning and addressing Mr. McNamee,) are no criminal; you (turning to Mr. O'Donnovan,) are no criminal; and we deserve no punishment. Judge by that history, the treason of which I stand convicted loses all its guilt, has been sanctified as a duty, and will be enabled as a sacrifice.'

With these sentiments I await the sentence of the court. Having done what I conceive to be my duty—having spoken now as I did on every occasion during my career, what I felt to be the truth—I bid farewell to the country of my birth, of my passion, of my death—the country whose misfortunes have invoked my sympathies, whose fictions I have sought to quell whose intellect I have prompted to lofty aims, whose freedom has been my fatal dream. To that country I now offer, as a pledge of the love I bear her, and a proof of the sincerity with which I thought, and spoke, and struggled for her freedom, the life of a young heart, and with that all the hopes, the honors, the endearments of a happy and an honorable home. Promises, my lords, the sentence the law directs, and I shall be prepared to meet its execution. I hope I shall be able, with a light heart and a clear conscience, to appear before a higher tribunal—a tribunal where a Judge of infinite goodness as well as of infinite justice will preside, and where, my lords, many of the judgments of this world will be reversed.'

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to run the race for the highest reward. Here are to be found innumerable instances of poor boys who have risen to honor and wealth solely by their own exertions and industry. True it is, all cannot attain the summit of earthly greatness, but so many obstacles are here removed, which the laboring classes have to contend with in other parts of the globe, that, in most instances, every industrious man can secure a competence ere the autumn of life sets in.

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